The 2 cond of March you Sed it was raining there & wonder what it was doing where I was, it was the coldest day you ever saw a man could not went as far as from your paps to Lowings old house, I went out the morning of the 2nd of March & was out but about five minutes to cut off a Stick of wood had on good gloves & my fingers froze till they rattled alike dry bones, funny that you bet, well I am not getting rich very fast but if I have my health this summ I will make enough to fetch me home again, & a little left maybe, I have ground that I could do very well if I was to Stay three or four years, I can make 10 to $12 per day & ground enough to last four or 5 years, but that is more mining than I went in mine I think if alive this time next year I will be raising corn & potatoes & beans & everything

good in good old Ind.
Dade excuse my short & bad
written letter my hands are
cracke & so sore I can scarcely
hold a pen, working in the
mud & water & a dry wind
& just alkali enough in the
water to keep a persons hand
cracked all to pieces. I had
a good deal more to write
but I will quit by hoping
these may find you enjoying
the best of good health.
from your loving Dodd
till death, to ~~D. F.~~
D. F. Morris

Emma & Mary, M. M. Morris